

the life of a man: but to counterfet dying when a man thereby
liueth, is to be no counterfet, but the true and perfect image of
life indeed. The better part of valour is discretion, in the which
better part I haue saued my life. Zounds I am afraid of this gun-
powder Percy, though he be dead: how if he should cōterfet too
and rise? by my faith, I am afraid hee would proue the better
counterfet: therefore ile make him sure, yea and ile sweare I kill
him. Why may not he rise as well as I? nothing confutes me but
eyes, and no body sees me: therefore sirra, with a new wound in
your thigh, come you along with me.

He takes up Hotspur on his backe. Enter Prince and
John of Lancaster.

Pr. Come, brother Iohn, full brauely hast thou flesh't
 Thy mayden sword.

John. But soft, whom haue we heare?

Did you not tell me, this fat man was dead?

Prin. I did, I saw him dead.

Breathles and bleeding on the ground, Art thou aliue?
Or is it fantasie that playes vpon our eyesight?

I prethee speake, we will not trust our eyes

Without our eares, thou art not what thou seem'st.

Fal. No, that's certaine, I am not a double man: but if I be not Iacke Falstaffe, then am I a Iacke: there is Percie, if your father will doe me any honour, so: if not, let him kill the next Percie himselfe: I looke to be either Earle or Duke, I can assure you.

Prin. Why, Percie I kild my selfe, and saw thee dead.

Fal. Didst thou? Lord, Lord, how this world is giuen to-
ying. I graunt you, I was downe, and out of breath, and so was he,
but we rose both at an instant, and fought a long houre by
Shrewesburie clocke, if I may be beleeu'd to: if not, let them
that should rewarde valour, beare the sinne vpon their owne
heads. Ile take it vpon my death I gaue him this wound in the
thigh: if the man were aliue, and would denie it, *Zounds* I would
make him eate a peece of my sword.

John. This is the strangest tale, that ever I heard.

Prin. This is the strangest fellow, brother John,
Come bring your luggage nobly on your backe.

For my part, if a lie may doe thee grace, I will be W. g.
He guld it with the happiest termes I haue.

Arretraite is funded.

Prin. The Trumpet sounds retreat, the day is ours

Come, brother, let vs to the highest of the field,
To see what friends are living, who are dead. *Exeunt.*

Exit. He follow, as they say, for reward. Hee that rewardes me,
God reward him. If I doe growe great, ile growe lesse, for ile
purge and leane. Sacke, and lue cleanely as a noble man
should do. *Exit.*

The Trumpets sound. Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster, Earle of Westmerland, with Worcester, and Vernon, prisoners.

King. Thus euer did rebellion find rebuke,
 Ilspired Worcester, did not we lend grace,
 Pardon, and termes of loue to all of you?
 And wouldst thou turne our offers contrary,
 Misuse the tenor of thy kinsmans trust?
 Three knights vpon our partie flaine to day,
 A noble Earle and many a creature else,
 Had bene aloue this houre,
 Iflike a Christian thou hadst truly borne
 Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

Wor. What I haue done, my safety vrg'd mee to:
And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be auoyded it falls on me.

King. Beare Worcester to the death, and Vernon too;
Other offenders we will pause vpon.
How goes the field?

Prim. The noble Scot, Lord Douglas, when he saw
The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,
The noble Percie slaine, and all his men
Vpon the foote of feare, fled with the rest :
And falling from a hill, he was so brus'd,
That the pursuers tooke him. At my tent
The Douglas is : and I beseech your grace
I may dispose of him.

King.